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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1782, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in English language. It is a large and weekly of four eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State and general news, well selected, many busy and valuable farmers' and household departments. Touching many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business.

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Local Matters.

Echoes of Old Home Week.

Newport has resumed her wonted appearance after the temporary glories of Old Home Week. The bunting is all down, the work of removing it having been begun last Saturday afternoon.

The three arches on the streets have also been torn down and removed. It is generally conceded that it was a great show and that every thing was carefully planned and carried out. It is probable that if another affair of the kind is held—as it undoubtedly will be—it will take place earlier in the summer when more people will be able to attend. The week that includes the Fourth of July has been frequently suggested, using the carnival to open the season rather than to prolong it. The week that includes Labor Day has also been spoken of as a good time to hold the celebration, but as most of the schools open the day after Labor Day, this would leave some of the drawbacks of a week later.

As a souvenir of the gaieties of Old Home Week there is nothing better than a set of special post cards showing decorations on Newport streets issued by the MERCURY Publishing Company. Thousands of them have been sold to New Englanders to send to their friends who were unable to come.

Edward B. Carson, a former Newport boy, has died of the yellow fever at New Orleans according to reports received by his father-in-law, W. J. Browley of this city. Carson has been employed as electrician in the South and he went to New Orleans on learning of a good job that he could secure there, not being afraid of the fever that prevailed. According to the report he was sick four days and then died. Carson served in the army in Cuba and in the Philippines and was awarded a medal for bravery. He was married to Miss Ethel Browley about three years ago. His wife and child are now in this city and received the notice of his death here.

A set of special Old Home Week post cards, four in a set, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents. The views show the decorations in different parts of the city. Address the MERCURY office.

Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald of the MERCURY office and Mrs. Joseph S. Allan are passing a few days at the Thrasher House, Rindge, N. H.

Mrs. Thomas J. Gould of Providence has completed her visit with relatives in this city and will return to her home in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. L. H. Noble, who has been spending the summer in this city, has returned to her home in Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Meta Neilson, one of Newport's oldest summer residents, died at her home on Cottage street on Wednesday after a long illness. She was a daughter of the late John Neilson of New York, and was a sister of Mrs. E. W. Howard. She made her home in Newport for many years and was a member of Trinity Church.

Mr. B. C. Wilbur of Tiverton, R. I., was among the New Englanders who registered during Old Home Week.

The steamer of the Fall River Line for New York will leave Newport on Sunday night at the same time as on week days—8.15. During the summer the Sunday night boats have been leaving at 10 o'clock.

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The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED
BY F. D. STEELE

[CONTINUED.]

It was a good fire, and the room was illuminated by it. Near the door I saw the gleam of an electric switch, but it was unnecessary, even if it had been safe, to turn it on. At one side of the fireplace was a heavy curtain which covered the bay window we had seen from outside. On the other side was the door which communicated with the veranda. A desk stood in the center, with a turning chair of shining red leather. Opposite was a large bookcase with a marble bust of Athene on the top. In the corner, between the bookcase and the wall, there stood a tall, green safe, the light reflecting back from the polished brass knobs upon its face. Holmes stole across and looked at it. Then he crept to the door of the bedroom and stood with slanting head, listening intently. No sound came from within. Meanwhile it had struck me that it would be wise to secure our retreat through the outer door, so I examined it. To my amazement it was neither locked nor bolted. I touched Holmes on the arm, and he turned his masked face in that direction. I saw him start, and he was evidently as surprised as I.

"I don't like it," he whispered, putting his lips to my very ear. "I can't quite make it out. Anyhow we have no time to lose."

"Can I do anything?"

"Yes; stand by the door. If you hear any one come, bolt it on the inside, and we can get away as we came. If they come the other way, we can get through the door if our job is done or die behind those window curtains if it is not. Do you understand?"

I nodded and stood by the door. My first feeling of fear had passed away, and I thrilled now with a keener zest than I had ever enjoyed when we were the defenders of the law instead of its defectors. The high object of our mission, the consciousness that it was unselfish and chivalrous, the villainous character of our opponent, all added to the sporting interest of the adventure. Far from feeling guilty, I rejoiced and exulted in our dangers. With a glow of admiration I watched Holmes unrolling his case of instruments and choosing his tool with the calm, scientific accuracy of a surgeon who performs a delicate operation. I knew that the opening of safes was a particular hobby with him, and I understood the joy which it gave him to be confronted with this green and gold monster, the dragon which held in its maw the reputations of many fair ladies. Turning up the cuffs of his dress coat—he had placed his overcoat on a chair—Holmes laid out two drills, a jimmy and several skeleton keys. For about half an hour Holmes worked with concentrated energy, laying down one tool, picking up another, handling each with the strength and delicacy of the trained mechanic. Finally I heard a click, the broad green door swung open, and inside I had a glimpse of a number of paper packets, each tied, sealed and inscribed. Holmes picked one out, but it was hard to read by the flickering fire, and he drew out his little dark lantern, for it was too dangerous with Milverton in the next room to switch on the electric light. Suddenly I saw him halt, listen intently, and then in an instant he had swung the door of the safe to, picked up his coat, stuffed his tools into the pockets and darted behind the window curtain, motioning me to do the same.

It was only when I had joined him there that I heard what had alarmed his quicker senses. There was a noise somewhere within the house. A door slammed in the distance. Then a confused, dull murmur broke itself into the measured thud of heavy footsteps rapidly approaching. They were in the passage outside the room. They paused at the door. The door opened. There was a sharp snap as the electric light was turned on. The door closed once more, and the pungent reek of a strong cigar was borne to our nostrils. Then the footsteps continued backward and forward, backward and forward, within a few yards of us. Finally there was a creak from a chair, and the footsteps ceased. Then a key clicked in a lock, and I heard the rustle of papers.

So far I had not dared to look out, but now I gently parted the division of the curtains in front of me and peeped through. From the pressure of Holmes' shoulder against mine I knew that he was sharing my observations. Right in front of us and almost within our reach was the broad, rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that we had entirely misjudged his movements; that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or billiard room in the farther wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad, grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long, black cigar protruding at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-transparent smoking jacket, claret colored, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long legal document, which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so.

I felt Holmes' hand steal into mine and give me a reassuring shake, as if to say that the situation was within his power and that he was easy in his mind. I was not sure whether he had seen what was only too obvious from my position, that the door of the safe was imperfectly closed and that Milverton might at any moment observe it. In my own mind I had determined that if I were sure from the rigidity of his eyes that it had caught his eye

feet. The revolver shots had roused the household. With perfect coolness Holmes slipped across to the safe, filled his two arms with bundles of letters and poured them all into the fire. Again and again he did it, until the safe was empty.

Some one turned the handle and beat upon the outside of the door. Holmes looked swiftly round. The letter which had been the messenger of death for Milverton lay, all mottled with his blood, upon the table. Holmes tossed it in among the blazing papers. Then he drew the key from the outer door, passed through after me and locked it on the outside. "This way, Watson," said he, "we can scale the garden wall in this direction."

I could not have believed that an alarm could have spread so swiftly. Looking back, the huge house was one blaze of light. The front door was open, and figures were rushing down the drive. The whole garden was alive with people, and one fellow raised a yell halloo as we emerged from the veranda and followed hard at our heels. Holmes seemed to know the grounds perfectly, and he threaded his way swiftly among a plantation of small trees, I close at his heels and our foremost pursuer panting behind us. It was a six foot wall which barred our path, but he sprang to the top and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle, but I kicked myself free and scrambled over a grass strewn coping. I fell upon my face among some bushes, but Holmes had me on my feet in an instant, and together we dashed away across the huge expanse of Hampstead heath. We had run two miles, I suppose, before Holmes at his halting and listened intently. All was absolute silence behind us. We had shaken off our pursuers and were safe.

* * * * *

We had breakfasted and were smoking our morning pipe on the day after the remarkable experience which I have recorded when Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard, very solemn and impressive, was ushered into our modest sitting room.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," said he; "good morning. May I ask if you are very busy just now?"

"Not too busy to listen to you."

"I thought that perhaps if you had nothing particular on hand you might care to assist us in a most remarkable case which occurred only last night at Hampstead."

"Dear me!" said Holmes. "What was that?"

"A murder—a most dramatic and remarkable murder. I know how keen you are upon these things, and I would take it as a great favor if you would step down to Appledore Towers and give us the benefit of your advice. It is no ordinary crime. We have had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and, between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes. These papers have all been burned by the murderers. No article of value was taken, as it is probable that the criminals were men of good position whose sole object was to prevent social exposure."

"Criminals?" said Holmes. "Flora?"

"Yes, there were two of them. They were as nearly as possible captured red handed. We have their portraits, we have their description, it's ten to one we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was caught by the under gardener and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle sized, strongly built man—square jaw, thick neck, mustache, a mask over his eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson!"

"It's true," said the inspector, with amusement. "It might be a description of Watson."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I knew this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London and that I think there are certain crimes which the law cannot touch and which therefore to some extent justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I still not handle this case."

Holmes had not said one word to me about the tragedy which we had witnessed, but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his vacant eyes and his abstracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove, Watson, I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" He hurried at his top speed down Baker street and along Oxford street until we had almost reached Regent circus. Here, on the left hand, there stands a shop window filled with photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes' eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and following his gaze I saw the picture of a regal and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at that deliciously curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I caught my breath as I read the time honored title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of Holmes, and he put his finger to his lips as we turned away from the window.

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

No. 8 of the Series

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I

T

There was no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard to look upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade

would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged and was able occasionally without any active interference to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, putting thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes—nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

Lestrade laughed.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow, and a queer madness too. You wouldn't think there was any one living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon I. that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he.

"Exactly. That's what I said. But, then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it even from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary? This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official notebook and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kensington road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant when he heard a crash, and, bursting in, he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shattered into fragments. He rushed out into the road; but, although several passersby declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see any one nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of Hooliganism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man clad in a flannel dressing gown was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Barker of the Central Press syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Barker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist, I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Bros., two doors from the High Street station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two; then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantelpiece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast and of no real value whatever."

"You can see for yourself that any one going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place sloshing in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up and his mouth horribly open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

amount of 'idee fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Bartle's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abberline family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door, and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

Come instantly, 131 Pitt street, Kensington.

LESTRADE.

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend, the image breaker, has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all thatched, respectable and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George, it's attempted murder at the least! Nothing less will hold the London message boy. There's a dead or violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man clad in a flannel dressing gown was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Barker of the Central Press syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Barker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist, I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Bros., two doors from the High Street station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two; then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantelpiece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast and of no real value whatever."

"You can see for yourself that any one going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place sloshing in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up and his mouth horribly open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prophetic.

First Author—Have you sold many copies of your book? Second Author (absently)—Wonderful. Over a hundred thousand.

First Author—When was it issued? Second Author—Next Tuesday.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Bottles** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. **Sample bottles enough for trial, free by mail.** Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Ronout, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's **Marie Eye Salve** for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eye, etc.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Farmers & Gardeners

Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proved that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS.

are reliable. They have been tested and have proved first quality in every respect. This fall you will find that the best food has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are the best. When seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels, \$4.50

18 bushels, \$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels, \$3.50

18 bushels, \$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushels

Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders.

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue

BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and

New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 371-2.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

A STRONG MAN

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

See photo, page 10, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"Humph! I'd a lieve marry a fluened as you on Dog," Grannie Bunch said her daughter in air.

So it was that on Way's End Sunshine was often seen to sit Trevor in excess of Way's End, and Grannie Bunch was Mrs. Household. Sunshine was tall and twenty. Grannie Bunch was short and stout with a face, too, too. The two were cronies despite the forty years between them, also despite the fact that Grannie Bunch was bent on matching Sunshine to her head.

They lived half a mile apart, and Sunshine did the visiting for the most part. She was not yet mistress at Way's End. Her stepmother, Mine, Trevor had a life estate there and was as austere unsocial as Grannie Bunch was hospitable. She had also a grudge against Grannie in that she too, had views as to Anne's proper behest. Grannie was all for marrying Sunshine to her grandson, Richard Lee Ed, whereas Mine, Trevor held it little short of her stepdaughter's Christian duty to take Wilton Roy, her nephew. He had come with her to Way's End and lived there. He was dignified, sober and sensible, exactly the husband for such a piece of quicksilver as Anne. The match would be in every way ideal. Wilton had only a modest competence, along with a capacity for handling a fine fortune.

Thus Mine, Trevor to her known self, thus also obscurely, with much wrapping about of fine phrasers, to Sunshine. She hated bitterly Richard Ed and did not scruple to say outright that he and his fat old grandmother were rank fortune hunters, laying traps and pitfalls for Anne's unwary feet. Anne's usual answer was to mount her horse and gallop away to her dear Grannie Bunch. If Richard Ed happened to be there when she arrived, why, so much the better.

He was younger than Sunshine by a whole month and fancied himself madly in love with her. He had been courting her since they were fifteen, with the usual interludes—college escapades and summer flirtations. Sunshine knew all about them, for Grannie Bunch was Richard Ed's confidant.

"You ain't mind, honey," she had said to Sunshine. "Indeed, you ought to be obliged to these other girls—they are taking out such a lot of the foolishness. By the time Dicky is through college he will have come to know himself in a measure. Then he'll find out over again what he knew in the beginning—that there is nobody in all the world like Sunshine."

It was Dicky's story—the tale of his latest enthrallment—that had led to Grannie Bunch's revilement of Wilton Roy. Sunshine had said demurely she did not understand how men could be so different. Wilton Roy had told her he should never make love to any girl but the one he meant to marry. And then Grannie Bunch had exploded. She hated the superfine Wilton.

"One couldn't very well marry a funeral—marrying a minister is about the neatest thing to it," Sunshine said reflectively. Grannie Bunch eyed her narrowly, then broke into a laugh saying:

"Stay where you are!" Wilton shouted behind her. "I—I am going for help!" But before his cry had fairly died away Beauty's head was down stream, with Sunshine holding it easily yet strongly above the racing waves. It was a hundred yards to the big sycamore, leaning far over the water, with a great horned branch almost parallel with its face.

Dicky scrambled out on the branch, locked his legs about it and hung head down, to grasp Sunshine and raise her high enough to grip the big bough.

"Hold tight! I'll have you up—in a minute!" he panted, writhing up himself.

Once she was safe he kissed her over and over, saying, "Sunshine Sunshine! Suppose Grannie had not sent for me! I never should have known real sunshine again."

"Suppose, rather, you had not been a strong man," Sunshine said, bidding her eyes to his breast. Then, with a quick revulsion: "Did you bring Dicky the collar? If you did you can have anything you please in return for it."

"Thank you. I have all I want, just now," Dicky said masterfully, helping her toward the tree trunk.

"A hang for books and lectures and all that fiddle faddle," Grannie said stoutly. "The boy is not there to earn his head with such stuff. I only want the place to mold him as it helped to mold my father and grandfather. If I thought it could make a prig of him like—well, somebody I might name—he should leave tomorrow."

"I see you are an obstinate person—likewise opinionated, my dear Mrs. Lee," Sunshine mocked in Mine. Trevor's own manner.

The two were laughing so heartily they did not hear Wilton Roy ride up to the open hall door and kept chatting madly of things they would not have had him hear for a kingdom. Whether or no he heard, he gave no sign when he came in ten minutes later. But on the way home and although that evening he beset Sunshine to marry him, pressing her until she was almost driven in sheer weariness to accept.

Wilton was a good strategist; he did not fall into the two elderly women's mistake of running down all possible rivals. Indeed, he ignored reality and talked of his love and long dev'ln. He had never talked so well, and there was a ring in his voice that impressed him.

As if Fate were on his side, the morning was rainy. The day was overcast with a drizzle that shot in Way's End and utterly forbade starting abroad. The rain held three days a regular autumn freshet. How Anne got through them she never understood. Wilton pleaded manfully and being him bad luck!

Time, Trevor demurred, alone whenever she ventured into the big parlor, the library, the long halls or the enclosed back piazza. Anne did not know it, but Wilton had said to his aunt:

"I have got to clinch things at once. Mrs. Lee is teaching Anne to laugh at me. If I let that happen I am lost. As for the boy, he don't count."

All through the last day Sunshine felt a numb fear of herself. She seemed to be losing willpower, to move and speak automatically. It was only by a supreme effort of will she kept to the shelter of her softness. Wilton did not call her audibly, but she felt invisible, insatiable forces drawing her to him. To escape them she hung out of the open window, heedless of the pouring rain. In the dash of it the cool splashing, she found strength to resist the eerie influences. By and by, when the influences began to tug harder than ever, she ran away from them, rushed downstairs, caught up her hat and mackintosh and stole out to the stables.

They were deserted; groom and coachman were dozing in the hayloft. With trembling fingers she dug the saddle upon Beauty, her pet mare, leaped Dick from his kennel, then clambered up and dashed away, the puppy barking madly at Beauty's heels. The rain still poured, but Sunshine was bent upon seeking refuge with Grannie Bunch. She rode headlong, bending low over Beauty's neck and singing. The wind was roaring, but she had no fear of it, nor of the water when she came to the brook. She saw it running bank full, turbid and crested with drift. But Beauty knew the ford by the landmark trees on the other side. It should not be more than breast deep anywhere, although the current was swift and strong.

Beauty snorted and pawed as they went in, but after the third step made way beautifully. Halfway across Sunshine sang up her head, laughing aloud, saying: "I'm safe, safe! Maybe I've been bewitched. Indeed, I think so. But witchcraft and witches can't cross running water. I'm as happy as Happy as a free bird!" She heard above the tumbling water a horse about. In spite of herself she checked Beauty and listened intently. It came again. Wilton was crying to her: "Come back! Back! Come! You belong to me! Come!"

She was younger than Sunshine by a whole month and fancied himself madly in love with her. He had been courting her since they were fifteen, with the usual interludes—college escapades and summer flirtations. Sunshine knew all about them, for Grannie Bunch was Richard Ed's confidant.

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"An American Learns English. There is an American in London who is rapidly learning English. He used to ring the bell and call curtly for 'Muelling.' Assiduous and willing attendants brought him everything you can think of from the 'peacock' to packets of cigarettes, but never the exact thing he wanted. At last the most intelligent of the young men put the right question and got the answer. 'Oh, yes,' he said and brought gun. In America when you want to stick things together you ask for mangle-worms; and when you want something to chew you demand gun; so called, by U. S. Patent Office. The gun is a wretched invention, but it is a good one."

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DESERT BILL OF FARE

SOURCES FROM WHICH THE INDIAN SUPPLIES HIS LARDER.

Some of the things eaten, especially by the Insect and Reptilian foods, are not only not inviting, but are not even palatable.

About some of the Indian villages of the west are to be seen small patches of maize or a few tiny melon patches, but these cultivated areas are of little account as compared with the number of persons to be fed. These are, as a majority of the towns having no such cultivated fields.

In the various parts of the arid region which shelters so great a portion of our barbarian population is found a tree remarkable for certain properties. The botanical name of this plant is Prosopis Jeltzal. It is popularly known as the algaroba, or honey mesquite. This tree thrives with little moisture, grows with thick, bushy top, to a height of twenty to forty feet, affords shelter from the wind and sun, and best of all in the sight of the hungry natives, it yields abundant crops of fruit known as mesquite beans. The slim green pods hang in clusters from the tips of the boughs, often bending the branches nearly to breaking, so abundant do they grow. The pods, which are six or seven inches long, are pulpy, juicy, fairly palatable and nourishing.

These beans are gathered, dried and stored in the peculiar granaries of the Indians—huge baskets holding several bushels each—and are pulverized when wanted for food in wooden or stone mortars, and the meal thus formed is soaked in water and eaten without further preparation or it is baked into a sort of unleavened bread. It is the principal and favorite food of several tribes.

The screw bean is another food product, less plentiful, but even more highly prized because of its angry qualities. This fruit is often eaten as plucked from the tree. It ripens the latter part of June or to July, a little later than the mesquite bean.

In some of

Established by Franklin in 1788.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131.
House Telephone 1040.

Saturday, September 23, 1905.

President Roosevelt is going to New Orleans on October 24 if the yellow fever will permit. If not he will go later.

Former Lieut. Governor Adelard Archanbault is the most prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Woonsocket.

The business of the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R. is the largest in its history. A number of important changes have just been made in the officials who manage this important road.

The Democratic row in Providence seems to go merrily along. Some two thousand alleged Democratic names have been stricken from the caucus voting list, and still they are not happy.

The Fall River mills are finding a ready and profitable market for output, but have the novel experience of being unable to secure sufficient labor, the shortage of help being 20 per cent. from full capacity.

The Prohibition State Convention will be held October 7. The Democrats will hold theirs October 10, and the Republicans October 18. After that the campaign in Rhode Island may be said to be fairly underway.

The post office at Cumberland Hill has been abolished because no person could be secured in that locality to act as postmaster. Why not offer the position to ex-Gov. Garvin? He lives in that town and is looking for a job.

The Millerites seem to have captured everything in sight in the Democratic party management in Providence. It looks as though there might be a "hereafter" to the sanguinary contest now going on in the party ranks in that city.

James Brown, a Pawtucket lad, was sentenced on Thursday to three months in jail and ordered to pay a fine of \$20 and costs for the theft of one domestic fowl valued at 50 cents. Rather a costly fowl, but then poultry comes high in the northern part of the State.

The British fleet with Prince Louis of Battenburg will remain at Halifax till October 29. Then it will sail direct to Annapolis. The Prince is to be in Washington November 2; after that the fleet will sail for New York. So the four hundred will have a chance to see the Prince after all.

The public schools opened for the fall term on Monday after an extra week's vacation. Many of the schools are overcrowded and considerable transferring of the pupils was necessary before they were properly apportioned. The total attendance on Monday was 3247 as against 3162 a year ago.

The Republican State Central Committee met Monday and voted to call the State Convention for nomination of Governor and the other State officers on Wednesday, Oct. 18. The caucuses must be held previous to Oct. 16. As there will be no contest in the nomination of the State ticket there will not be much excitement over the convention.

It is now said that the new Anglo-Japanese treaty may not be made public for a month. The idea is to publish it at the same time that the Portsmouth treaty appears, so that a better effect may be produced in Japan. A good many people outside of Japan will be interested in reading these two treaties together—some of them live in Russia.

The London Daily Mail states that the Russian admiralty has offered an American syndicate a tract of shore near Sebastopol for the purpose of erecting and equipping with American machinery a great naval yard. The syndicate is said to have agreed to accept the offer on condition that the concession shall continue for 99 years, with enough work guaranteed to keep the works going.

The day will come when we shall own Cuba, commercially and industrially, if not politically, says a well known writer. The tobacco business is owned by our trust, sugar plantations capitalized at millions have been bought by Americans and over \$50,000,000 of United States gold has been spent in Cuban lands. The street railways are largely owned by Americans, who are also projecting railroads and light and power schemes and developing iron and copper deposits. Some of the biggest Cuban banks are operated by American capital.

Report says: "The new State Sanatorium near Wallum pond in the town of Burrillville will, according to Contractor Lewis J. Pierce, who has the construction work in charge, be completed by the 25th of this month and will be delivered by him to the sanatorium commission." This is the building that was begun three years ago, and was to cost all completed and furnished ready for business \$75,000. The State has already appropriated \$100,000 and the end is not yet. Like the State House in Providence it cost double the original estimate and then the bills are not paid. After it is done and ready for occupancy it will be no easy job to get patients willing to go there. The Pine Ridge Camp will always continue to be the more popular place, and in fact the more suitable place.

The Important Issues.

The two issues of domestic policy that most interest the people at this time, says an exchange, are those of tariff revision and of railway rate legislation. The President, as is well known, is strongly in favor of federal regulation of railway rates and of a reasonable readjustment of the tariff. But at the time grows nearer for the assembling of Congress, it appears more and more certain that it will be difficult to pass any tariff revision measure through the House of Representatives, notwithstanding the fact that there is a growing sentiment in different parts of the country in favor of a more liberal tariff, and that this sentiment is in some degree reflected by the attitude of certain members of Congress, as is evidenced by the recent utterances of the chairman of the committee on ways and means.

As regards regulation of railway rates it is almost certain that any bill desired by the President on this subject would be passed by the House of Representatives, but it would meet with determined opposition in the Senate. While the Senate committee which has been investigating the subject is to propose a bill, there is no likelihood whatever that, in its initial form at least, it will conform to the idea of what is needed so often expressed by the President in his public addresses.

Thus in regard to these two questions, the curious situation has developed that the House of Representatives stands with the President as regards railway rebates but against him as regards the tariff, while the Senate is against him on the question of railway rates. The thinking of laws is a legislative function and not an executive, but so far as it is right for him to do so, it is certain that the influence of the President will be steadily exerted in favor of these two policies.

He has an immense popularity which has lately been increased by his success in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan; and the question is whether the President with his personal popularity and the support of the great bulk of the people can bring Congress around to his way of thinking.

A Big Job.

Our government is now up against a problem that baffled the genius of Ferdinand de Lesseps. The great Frenchman thought he would be able to assemble an army of 30,000 to 40,000 cau-diggers. At the end of the second year he had about 6,000. The largest force he got together at any one time was 17,600; that was in 1884. Four years later it had shrunk to 13,700. Perhaps Mr. Wallace had forgotten this history when he talked of having at least 35,000 laborers assembled on the isthmus by the late spring of 1905. Anyhow, the difficulty of finding laborers in sufficient numbers is still unsolved. The "Mexican Herald" leaves to the opinion that we'll have to make the isthmus reasonably healthy and convince the world of the fact before we get them. "Mexican hot-country employers of labor will not be surprised at the state of things at Panama; the problem down there is to provide for keeping a large population of laborers in good physical condition during many years," it says. "The big ditch is not going to be dug to the fanfare of trumpets. It is a great business undertaking."

We are suffering from a "burden" of prosperity, says a Western authority. Already the West is wiring that a shortage of cars is imminent, a shortage to be intensified when the railroads begin to haul a portion of that 2,700,000,000 bushel corn crop. Our financial machinery is creaking under the weight of the burdens imposed upon it. But all this means but one thing,—the prosperity of the tiller of the soil, the manufacturer, the exporter, the laborer. Only the incurable pessimist can be other than a "big bull" on the country in the face of such a congeation and abundance of good things.

John D. Rockefeller denies the statement attributed to him of prospective hard times in 1897 and 1908. He says "I cannot see the slightest reason for predicting a financial crisis or hard times for the next few years; the country is too prosperous to warrant fear of revolution for years, and my firm belief in the conditions that now prevail in the country is quite the reverse."

The total cost to the New Haven R. R. for improvements to be made in New Haven looking toward the perfection of the four-tracking plan over the Shore Line division will be about \$3,750,000 as follows: Building a New Haven cut \$1,000,000; new depot in New Haven \$1,250,000; land purchases, \$1,500,000; total \$3,750,000.

Second Baptist Church, Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor. Morning worship at 10:45, subject, "How Jesus enters the Heart." Bible school at 12:15 p. m. International and Blakeley Review. Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m. Evening worship at 7:30 p. m., subject, "God's Yearning for the Truth."

Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable Co., announced that his company has secured concessions to enter Yokohama, Japan, and Shanghai, China, thus giving a direct cable route from this country to China and Japan.

St. Petersburg despatch says that the Russian losses in ships at Port Arthur and Vladivostok and in Sea of Japan, according to official statistics published, amounted to \$18,000,000.

Washington Matters.

Keep Commission is causing consternation among the departments at Washington—How Department Chiefs have induced Congress to grant their Appropriations—Bluejackets have done some tall fencing in Cuba—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1905.

There is no little consternation in Washington because of the investigation now being carried on in the various federal departments by the so-called "Keep Commission," the organization which the President called into existence and charged with the duty of investigating the methods of all the departments of the government with a view to recommending more business-like methods and with a hope of effecting a saving in the transaction of the business of the government. The commission has not completed its investigation or formulated its report, so that no one knows what recommendations it will make, but the anxiety of the employees in the several departments seems to afford evidence that the commission has found in numerous instances a condition of affairs which calls for radical changes with the probable pruning of considerable dead timber. Some employees of the government express no doubt that the commission will inform the President of the advisability of materially curtailing the working force in numerous federal offices. Assuming that such recommendations will be made, an assumption doubtless based on a knowledge that they are needed, those employees are filled with fear that their services will be dispensed with, or the force may be cut down, and that they will have to render an equivalent in work for the salaries they draw. The fear is also expressed that the commission will suggest the reducing of salaries paid to men who perform the most ordinary class of clerical work.

To the uninformed it might be difficult to understand the necessity for a recommendation of this character but a word will suffice to explain. Before the days of civil service reform, when members of Congress dictated the appointment of government employees, there was never any disposition towards economy. On the contrary, when a member of the Cabinet advised an assistant member of Congress that he had no place to which to put the member's indigent sister-in-law or brother-in-law or protege, the member promptly took steps to have such a place created, regardless of whether an additional employee was necessary to the proper performance of the government work or not. Salaries, moreover, were adjusted not according to the value of the work performed but according to the political influence of the employee. For instance if it became necessary in the judgment of a politician to find a place for a negro incapable of reading or writing at a comfortable salary, in order to carry a doubtful congressional district, there would be created a place as "messenger" at \$100 a month and the negro would then sit outside of some chief's door and run two or three errands a day—the class of work entrusted to \$2 a week office boys in business houses—as long as his "influence" remained in Congress, perhaps longer.

When civil service reform was extended to include all employees of the federal department there was made no attempt to reduce salaries or change the personnel of the employees. In fact, the only way that the reformers managed to induce members of Congress to vote for such a reform was by pointing out to them that it would insure their relatives and proteges from being disturbed in the event of a change of administration or a waiving of their own political influence.

Charles A. Peckham, the administrator on the estate of Phebe A. Peckham, presented an inventory thereof, which was allowed and ordered recorded.

Cornelius Sullivan presented a petition to be appointed administrator on the estate of his late wife, Mary J. Sullivan, which was referred to the third Monday of October, with an order of notice.

In TOWN COUNCIL.—The board of the Collector of Taxes for the present municipal year was fixed at \$10,000, and Joseph Coggeshall and Charles Peckham were appointed as assessors.

Harvey F. Copeland, the police constable selected in June to patrol the West Main road and Miantonomi avenue near the One Mile corner, and preserve order reported that all was quiet along the line and that he had not been obliged to resort to any severe legal measures to effect the change. There was some fast driving of automobiles but not as much as in middle summer.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: City of Newport, for expense of repairing bridge over creek at Easton's Beach on the Middletown side, \$9.51; Herald Publishing Company, for publishing two ordinances of Town Council, \$10.50; Harvey F. Copeland, for police duty, \$21.60; Edward P. Marsh, for repairing chairs in office of Town Clerk, \$3.15.

THE TAUNTON COLONY DISPERSED.—The cluster of cottages on the West shore, near the Middletown station on the Old Colony railroad, has been fully occupied since the last of June and up to the tenth of the present month. New cottages are quite frequently added and have already reached a total of twenty. The surroundings are all the while being improved and the resort annually becomes more attractive.

Among the proprietors are found one Baptist clergyman, one dentist and two physicians. The past week witnessed the departure of those families who remain latest and the closing of the cottages for the season. In all the cottages will shelter quite a number of individuals and when all the occupants are out on view, either on the bay or the adjoining shore, the hitherto quiet and secluded region takes on a very lively aspect and suggests the presence of a well behaved and numerous colony. A majority hall from Taunton.

President Roosevelt is the first chief executive who has had the courage to address himself to these evils and the fact that he has done so, while it has spread consternation among government employees, especially the less capable and less industrious, promises to effect a material saving of the public funds. The work of the Keep Commission will be a thankless task but it is one that should command the respect and gratitude of the American public. It has been a trying need since the days of Jackson, perhaps since Washington.

An exceptionally creditable task has now been almost completed by sailors in the American Navy. When the United States acquired by treaty with Cuba a naval station at Guantanamo, a clause of that treaty required that the property to be held by the American Navy should be fenced. When this work came to be done it was found that the fence would have to pass through water, over earth and rock. The bars of the Amphitrite have practically completed the task, constructing a fence "across mud flats where the water was knee-deep, over hills so steep that all material had to be carried by hand and over ground so hard that every posthole had to be drilled with dynamite, that is, blasted out of the solid rock." Fence building under such conditions was a novel experience for jack tar but the Navy department is now informed that they have performed their work most creditably.

The report that this country was going to send a warship to Nicaragua "to rescue" the unfortunate Albera brothers who have been imprisoned for an alleged violation of the law caused a tempest in a teapot in Washington, but there seems to be little foundation for the sensational reports first sent out. The only facts in the story are that United States Consul Lee, at Panama, has been ordered to go to Ocatel, Nicaragua, to be present at the trial of the Albera brothers with a view to seeing that they receive a fair trial, and that, there being no line of steamship to Panama and Corinto, the nearest seaport to Ocatel, Mr. Lee will be taken there on the gunboat, Princeton.

Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Cable Co., announced that his company has secured concessions to enter Yokohama, Japan, and Shanghai, China, thus giving a direct cable route from this country to China and Japan.

St. Petersburg despatch says that the Russian losses in ships at Port Arthur and Vladivostok and in Sea of Japan, according to official statistics published, amounted to \$18,000,000.

Second Baptist Church, Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor. Morning worship at 10:45, subject, "How Jesus enters the Heart." Bible school at 12:15 p. m. International and Blakeley Review. Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m. Evening worship at 7:30 p. m., subject, "God's Yearning for the Truth."

John D. Rockefeller denies the statement attributed to him of prospective hard times in 1897 and 1908. He says "I cannot see the slightest reason for predicting a financial crisis or hard times for the next few years; the country is too prosperous to warrant fear of revolution for years, and my firm belief in the conditions that now prevail in the country is quite the reverse."

The total cost to the New Haven R. R. for improvements to be made in New Haven looking toward the perfection of the four-tracking plan over the Shore Line division will be about \$3,750,000 as follows: Building a New Haven cut \$1,000,000; new depot in New Haven \$1,250,000; land purchases, \$1,500,000; total \$3,750,000.

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MCALL TESTIFIES

Says That Democrats Solicited Campaign Funds

MADE HIS "LIFE WEARY"

Andrew Hamilton, Who Represented New York Life at Albany, Received \$235,000 With Only Verbal Accounting

New York, Sept. 21.—Political contributions of the New York Life Insurance company and the connection of Andrew A. Hamilton of Albany with the alleged political activity of the company were the points around which the hearing before the legislative insurance investigating committee turned yesterday.

President John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance company was the chief witness, and for several hours he was subjected to a fire of questions by Charles E. Hughes, counsel for the committee, concerning the money paid for political purposes.

The climax was reached when McCall declared that the soliciting of funds for campaign purposes was not confined to the Republican party in the campaign of 1904 and announced:

"My life was made weary by the Democratic candidates chasing me for money in that campaign. Some of the very men who today are being interviewed in the papers and demanding men who contribute to campaigns were crossing my path every step I took looking for money. Once—the candidate himself, Parker—if he would show up his books when he was chairman of the Democratic state committee, it would give you a fit. He never rejected a dollar in the world. He would take every dollar that was paid to him."

Judge Parker was chairman of the Democratic state executive committee in 1885.

Mr. McCall's statement was greeted with wild cheering, which continued until a threat was made to clear the room of listeners if the crowd did not restrain itself.

With great care the accounts of Andrew A. Hamilton with the company were analyzed by Hughes, who asked McCall about every item and made it clear that a search was being made for political contributions.

Mr. McCall stoutly maintained that he had given Hamilton no money to be used in influencing legislation at Albany, but the admission was obtained from McCall that Hamilton's expenses at Albany were paid from the company's funds and that his accounts were not submitted to audit.

It was shown that \$235,000 has been paid to Hamilton with only a verbal accounting to McCall and that Hamilton now owes the company about \$60,000; but McCall said he felt sure that Hamilton, who is now in Europe, will repay this sum upon the company's demand. Hamilton received for legal services, McCall said, about \$100,000 a year from the New York Life Insurance company.

Ex-Judge Parker, Democratic candidate for president in 1904, last night gave a statement concerning McCall's testimony relative to the soliciting of funds from the New York Life Insurance company by Democrats in 1904.

"My attention has been called to certain testimony said to have been given by John A. McCall while a witness before the insurance investigation committee in reply to Mr. Hughes' question whether he thought that in 1904 the interests of the policyholders were so seriously endangered that the company ought to contribute?"

"It is evident that Mr. McCall was laboring under great excitement in making his reply, for it is very incoherent. But if his answer is intended to convey the impression that in the campaign of 1904 I, either directly or indirectly, solicited from him or his corporation, or any other corporation, any money or valuable things, his statement is absolutely false."

"On the contrary, I repeat now what I said before the election, that I expressly notified and directed the chairman of the executive committee of the national committee that no money should be received from corporations."

William F. Sheehan's attention was called to the testimony of McCall, and he said: "I was chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic national committee. There was not a single man connected with the Democratic national campaign that solicited a dollar from McCall. If any such person made any such solicitation Mr. McCall should name him."

John A. McCall, referring to his testimony before the legislative committee in relation to contributions to the Democratic party, said last night: "The meaning I intended to convey when I mentioned Judge Parker was this: Judge Parker, when a candidate for the presidency last year, did not personally ask me for campaign funds, but friends of his did so repeatedly. Judge Parker, as chairman of the state Democratic committee several years ago, did, however, accept proffered contributions to the campaign fund."

Legal Fighting Fund Turned Down

Toronto, Sept. 21.—The trades and labor congress, in session here, voted down a proposition to raise a fund to aid Canadian labor unions in conducting legal fights.

Fishing Schooner Wrecked

Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 19.—A dispatch from Canoe, N. S., states that the fishing schooner Puritan of this port mistayed while entering the harbor there and will be a total loss. No lives were lost. The Puritan was insured for \$4000 and is thought to have had a full cargo, which the owners valued at \$8000.

BODY IS EXHUMED

Autopsy Performed on Body of Mrs. Chase

NO EXTERNAL VIOLENCE

Analysis of Organs to Be Made by Harvard Professor—Incidents at Time of Woman's Death Told by Her Husband

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 20.—In response to public opinion District Attorney Peters of Essex county formally requested Joseph G. Pinkham, the medical examiner, to hold an autopsy on the body of Mrs. Jennie P. Chase, the wealthy Swampscott woman who died last week from gas poisoning. Dr. Pinkham, who is also the Chase family physician, complied with the request and had the body exhumed.

Dr. Pinkham, when summoned to attend Mrs. Chase, who was found unconscious on the kitchen floor of her home Sunday morning, Sept. 10, pronounced the case one of suicide. The police, some of Mrs. Chase's relatives and the public, however, were not satisfied with this verdict and as a result the autopsy was ordered.

At the conclusion of the autopsy Drs. Pinkham and Newhall announced that all the conditions studied so far pointed to death by coal gas poisoning. The following statement was issued by the medical examiner:

"No external marks of violence were found upon the body of Mrs. Chase, which was well preserved. The lungs show extensive changes, due to hypostatic pneumonia. The brain was undisturbed and moderately congested. Pelvic organs showed two cystic tumors and several small fibroid tumors. The stomach, with its contents, brain, liver and kidneys, were placed in jars and sealed for chemical examination. All the signs, so far, indicate death by coal gas poisoning."

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Two Men Killed by Engine

Hartford, Sept. 20.—Two unknown men who were lying on the railroad track here were killed last night by a switch engine, which backed down upon them and cut their bodies to pieces. Both were neatly dressed and appeared to be above the ordinary type of tramp that is killed on the railroad.

Alleged Slayer of Stepmother

Bridgewater, Conn., Sept. 20.—LeRoy Butler, aged 19, a negro, is on trial in the superior court, charged with the murder of his stepmother, Mary Butler, at Stamford on March 10. He pleaded not guilty and will attempt to prove as alibi.

Young Man Dies Number Thirteen

Axon, Conn., Sept. 19.—The roll of deaths from the explosion and fire at the plant of the Climax Fuse company Friday afternoon now numbers 13, and there are still several injured ones whose condition is looked upon as extremely critical.

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Axon, Conn., Sept. 19.—The roll of deaths from the explosion and fire at the plant of

Newport County Fair.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Asparagus—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

Rhubarb—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, John J. Peckham.

Red Tomato—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, John J. Peckham.

Green Tomato—1st, Mrs. John Harrington; 2d, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Corn—com., Mrs. Samuel Carter.

Pear—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Beans—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. John Harrington.

Pickled Onions—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

Pickled Onions—2d, John J. Peckham.

Pickled Peppers—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. John Harrington.

Pickled Beets—1st, John J. Peckham; 2d, Mrs. Arthur Smith.

Chili Sauce—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. Lucy Phinney.

Figs—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. J. L. DeFerra.

Plums—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. F. W. Smith.

Lima Beans—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Orange—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Bed Raspberry—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

White Raspberry—2d, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Dewberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory; 2d, Mrs. F. W. Smith.

Apricot—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

Barberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Mulberries—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Russian Mulberries—com., Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Dandelion—1st, Mrs. S. A. Carter.

Banana—com., Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Salad Dressing—com., Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Cranberries—1st, Mrs. John Harrington; 2d, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Cauliflower—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Canned Pumpkin—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Watermelon Rind—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Sweet Pickled Cucumber—com., Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Strawberry Tomato—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

Egg Tomato—1st, Mrs. Chas. Cory.

Nasturtium Seeds—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

White Cabbage—com., John J. Peckham.

Collection of Jams—1st, Mrs. S. A. Carter.

Collection of Assorted Herbs—com., John J. Peckham.

SIX Jars Blackberry Jam—1st, Mrs. John Harrington; 2d, Mrs. Alfred Anthony; 3d, Mrs. E. R. Anthony.

Swiss Chard—1st, Mrs. John Harrington.

FRUIT.

CLASS C.

Eng Walnut—1st, John L. Borden.

Birch Bark Plum—1st, Mrs. Arthur W. Chase; 2d, Mrs. Sherman.

Figs—1st, Anna D. Brazil.

PEACHES.

Crosby Peaches—1st, H. A. C. Taylor; 2d, Wm. Alfred Chase.

Morris White Peach—2d, Adele Barker.

Native Peaches—2d, Jacob Almy.

Little Crosby Peach—2d, John L. Borden.

Nectarine—1st, Benj. C. Sherman.

Alberta Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase; 2d, John L. Borden.

Old Nixon Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase.

Champlion Peach—1st, John L. Borden.

Stump Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase.

White Ripe Peach—1st, H. Chester Hedgeman.

Crawford's Early—1st, H. A. C. Taylor; 2d, Wm. Alfred Chase.

Bonneau Peach—1st, Robert Almy.

Mountain Rose—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase; 2d, Mrs. Sherman.

Figs—1st, Anna D. Brazil.

GRAPES.

Crosby Grapes—1st, H. A. C. Taylor; 2d, Adele Chase.

Morris White Peach—2d, Adele Barker.

Native Peaches—2d, Jacob Almy.

Little Crosby Peach—1st, John L. Borden.

Nectarine—1st, Benj. C. Sherman.

Alberta Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase; 2d, John L. Borden.

Old Nixon Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase.

Champlion Peach—1st, John L. Borden.

Stump Peach—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase.

White Ripe Peach—1st, H. Chester Hedgeman.

Crawford's Early—1st, H. A. C. Taylor; 2d, Wm. Alfred Chase.

Bonneau Peach—1st, Robert Almy.

Mountain Rose—1st, Wm. Alfred Chase; 2d, Mrs. Sherman.

Figs—1st, Anna D. Brazil.

PEARS.

Kettler Pear—1st, H. Chester Hedgeman; 2d, Adele Barker.

Bonneau Pear—1st, Chas. W. Cory; 2d, Wm. H. Thomas.

Crosby's Favorite Pear—1st, R. A. C. Taylor; 2d, Thomas J. Sweet.

Golden Russet Pear—1st, Jacob Almy; 2d, Robt. Almy.

Bonneau Charente Pear—1st, H. C. Sherman.

Cupcake Pear—1st, Adele Barker; 2d, Mrs. Arthur W. Chase.

Beurre Bosc Pear—1st, John L. Borden.

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Old Nixon Pear—1st, John L. Borden.

Swan's Orange Pear—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, Adele Chase.

Vine of Waterford Pear—1st, Mrs. John R. Coggeshall; 2d, Mrs. Arthur W. Chase.

Souvenir de Congress—1st, Benj. C. Sherman.

Cupcake Pear—1st, Adele Barker; 2d, Mrs. Arthur W. Chase.

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